

Time After Time by daisysfay

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Genre: Anxiety, Bisexual Nancy Wheeler, F/F, Fluff, Love at First Sight, New Girl - Freeform, Sapphic Original Character, events are abit rushed but thats just lesbianism babyyyy, nancy is a flirt

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Summary:

New girl Emily finds mentor in Nancy Wheeler

Time After Time

“I’ll pick you up at 3:30 sweetie.”

“That is if I don’t die from humiliation first,” Emily looked out the window to her new school. A panicked expression on her face “are you sure there isn’t anything else I can help with at ho-.” She whipped her head around to face her mother.

“Buzz off little bee, have some adventures.” Sighing in defeat, she slumped her body out of the car and into the main reception.

“Hi, I’m Emily-.” The receptionist cut her off pointedly, gesturing to the phone on their ear. “...alright, sorry to interrupt.” Taking a seat next to the desk, she noticed the various posters and notices throughout the hallway. The clashing bright colours were intrusive to the naked eye. From these though, she could see the amount of school pride present. Framed photos of scholastic clubs and sports teams filled trophy cases to varying degrees. Yet she had contributed to none of this, the school seemed to be a well-functioning ecosystem. She was an enigma; someone like her living in small-town, Indiana didn’t seem like the best of situations.

“Emily.” The receptionist finally called.

“Hi.”

“I called for your tour guide, she should be here in a second. Here is your schedule and welcome to Hawkins High.” They handed her a folded paper and a smile, which Emily returned. Turning back around to wait for her guide, she saw someone turning the corner towards her. Dressed in a striped jumper with a satchel hanging off of one shoulder, Emily thought she was beautiful. Not that she would ever act on it. How could she? She probably has a boyfriend anyw-

“Hey, I’m Nancy, I guess I’m here to show you around.” She introduced herself. Emily flapped her mouth a few times in bewilderment before opting for nodding her head. Nancy let out a little laugh before ushering her to follow.

"First day nerves, I get it." Nancy leaned in to assure Emily as they walked. Emily turned her head and gave a small smile.

"Yeah," She was surprised by her own voice. "I'm Emily by the way." She interjected, feeling stupid that she'd forgot to introduce herself.

"Well Emily, this is the science hall. A lot of gas leaks and explosions so be careful. If you ever pass out I know CPR." Nancy smiled. Emily was confused. Was she offering? Like right now? CPR...now? She let out a small laugh in response, not exactly sure how Nancy wanted her to react.

"Let me see your schedule." Nancy implored, taking the folded paper before linking their arms. Emily stopped breathing.

"Oh cool you have AP chemistry next, me too." Nancy turned her head to make eye contact, her smile reaching her eyes.

"Maybe I'll pass out." Emily smirked. What the hell was that?! She said that out loud?! Oh god oh god

"..yeah." Nancy airily said, looking down with a small grin as they kept walking.

Throughout chemistry, Emily got to know Nancy a little better. Making her first friend wasn't as difficult as she had anticipated. The fact that she wasn't horrible to look at made the situation better. Nancy had such long eyelashes, which framed her doe eyes. The curvature of her nose, why was Emily daydreaming about a nose slope? She wanted to kiss Nancy, that was it.

The thought kept niggling her mind, her eyes flickering back to her every few seconds.

"Emily?" The teacher called. Crap, what was the question?

"Sodium hydroxide." She barely heard Nancy whisper from behind her hand.

"Uhh, sodium hydroxide?" Emily tried to pass it off as her own

answer, to the teachers happy nod.

“Very good, but please do pay more attention in my class, we don’t want to get off on the wrong foot.” He sent her a knowing look, making the blood rush to her face and her heart rise to her throat. Was she making it so obvious? Could Nancy tell? Did she mind?

“Yeah Emily, don’t get so distracted.” Nancy teased.

“Hey Nance.” A tall boy approached them both in the hallway.

“Steve! This is Emily, she started today.” Nancy said a little too quickly. She linked arms with her, a smile on her face which Emily could only compare to someone showing off a trophy.

“Hey there, you had the full tour?” He implored.

“By yours truly.” She gestured to Nancy.

“But have you had,” he leaned in closer and comically looked around, “the real tour?”

Emily replied with the same demeanour “Why I don’t think I have kind sir.”

“Allow me to accompany you maidens around the real Hawkins High.” Nancy looked at Emily with wide eyes and a small smile as Steve linked with Emily’s free arm. Pulling them down the hallway, Emily kept her and Nancy’s arms tight, afraid that Steve was going to rip them apart.

“And under these very bleachers, Tommy Ridgway got caught with his pants around his ankles watching cheerleading tryouts.” Steve said in his best tour guide voice, guiding Emily and Nancy who had become conjoined. Nancy’s arm hooked through hers, other hand resting on Emily’s bicep. Emily was acting cool, laughing along with Steve’s antics, but Nancy against her felt like how the colour pink makes you feel at ease yet fills you with a sense of excitement. They’d

known each other for barely half a day but she wanted everything there was to offer.

“Small town, Indiana is top in perversion.” Nancy added.

“Really glad I moved here.” Emily quipped with sarcasm and an underlying hint of sincerity, flicking her eyes to Nancy’s face, who was already flashing a smile her way.

“Well we’re glad that you’re glad.” Nancy replied, squeezing Emily’s bicep.

“It is with my displeasure ladies that I must announce our tour has come to an end, let me accompany you to lunch.”

All the attention Nancy had been giving Emily had made her dizzy. What did it mean? She was well aware of her utter lack of ability to read people, especially when it came to romantic prospects. Was it possible to find someone like her in a place like this? She supposed it wasn’t too far fetched, but she’d read a statistic from 1983 in one of her mums magazines, that only 1 in 10 people were gay. Science is to be trusted, right? Out of the 3 of them, she guessed she made up the 1. Unless they all belonged to different groups of 10. How could anyone be sure, it all was too complicated, why couldn’t it be simple.

“Do you wanna come over this weekend?” Nancy, to Emily’s appreciation, interrupted her, leaning in, biting a sandwich.

“Huh?” Emily was more zoned out than she realised.

“Uh, I mean, I was just wondering if you’d want to hang out...on the weekend.” Nancy seemed...too nervous.

“Oh, yeah, sounds cool. Will Steve be there?” Emily motioned to Steve across the table, who had been scanning a science textbook, looking woeful. He looked up to see Nancy giving him pleading eyes and a fervent shaking of the head, while Emily awaited his answer.

“Oh gah wish I could, gotta cram for a test next week.” He lied, using the textbook as leverage. A smile overtook Nancy’s face as her and Emily turned back to each other. Emily swallowed thickly as she thought about hanging out alone with her new friend.

"That's too bad." Nancy said with insincere despondency. "What do you say then? Just us?" Emily stared at Nancy's joyful face, unable to say anything other than,

"Sounds good," before taking a single nervous bite of whatever was in her hands, she wasn't paying attention.

"Does this shirt go with these jeans?" Emily asked her mother, after rummaging in her closet for longer than she'd be proud to admit.

"I guess so, sweetie why are you so sweaty? Are you coming down with something?" Her hand pressed against Emily's flushed forehead, Emily let out a heavy sigh, disappointed at herself for getting so worked up.

"No...I'm fine. Just a bit flustered I guess." They both dropped their arms as a smug smile appeared on her mother's face.

"Are you meeting a boy?"

"What?! No, wh-no." Emily embraced a face that was probably too dramatic for what her mother said. She quickly recomposed herself.

"No, there is no boy. I'm meeting a friend," the word tasted odd, "Nancy."

"Well I'm sure you'll be fine then. Making friends quickly I see."

"Surprisingly."

"What are you doing together then?" Emily realised they never even discussed it. She was just going to go to Nancy's house, not bothering to make actual plans.

"Uh-not sure actually. Guess we'll decide when I get there. I'm gonna go get dressed." She hurried upstairs, a stricken look on her face. She wished she could tell her mother about her feelings, wished she could gush about how Nancy's eyes mesmerise her and the feeling of her hand brought her to her knees. These feelings were quick and strong, like a shot of vodka, and she hoped they wouldn't burn going down.

An hour later, Emily was standing on the Wheelers doorstep and the front door was staring coldly at her. Knocking briskly, a young boy opened it, seeming to inspect her.

"Emily?" He asked

“...Yes.” She hesitantly replied.

“Nancy! Your girlfriends here!” He yelled back into the house. Nancy was already halfway down the stairs with a horrified look on her face.

“Shut up Mike! Please ignore him Em he’s going through an emotional phase.” She snarked passive aggressively at her brother.

“I’m just surprised you have friends other than your exes, really happy for you.” He replied in the same tone.

“God! Whatever! Sorry about this, I swear we’re a semi-functional family.” Emily stepped in with her hands behind her back, fiddling with them ever since Mike’s first comment.

“Are you hungry, I could get us some snacks.” Nancy’s speech was quick as she guided them to the stairs just to the side of the kitchen.

“Uh, yeah-sure.” Emily smiled, her hand resting on the bannister.

“I’ll meet you upstairs, my rooms the first to the right.”

“I didn’t know what you like, so I got some chips, fruit,” Nancy announced as she walked in with her arms full. Emily stopped flicking through one of the astray magazines, reading up on 20 Ways To Please A Man, thanks Cosmo.

“And uh, these things.” She picked up a box of foreign candy bars after dropping everything on the bed.

“I think I’ll have some chips for now.” Emily chuckled, opening a bag.

“Good choice”

Both girls lay on the bed, laughing at an anecdote Emily shared from her previous life.

“I’m telling ya, Wisconsin is crazier than the reputation implies.” Nancy rolled onto her side, prompting Emily to do the same.

“I believe you.” Nancy giggled lightly. A hush fell on them and they were left looking at each other.

“Uhm,” Nancy coughed, “have you heard the new Cyndi Lauper song? I have it on Vinyl.” She got up to put it on. Emily leaned up on her elbow as the rhythm of ‘Time After Time’ filled the room. She sat back down at the edge of the bed, facing away from her companion.

~Lying in my bed I hear the clock tick,

And think of you~

“It’s a nice song.” Emily complimented.

"Yeah" Nancy shyly turned her head. Emily made her way behind Nancy, lingering in the atmosphere. Shallow breaths escaped them. Nancy turned her body this time, their faces closer than usual. Eyes were fixed on lips while foreheads barely touched. Everything was on fire.

"Em?" Nancy breathed.

"Yeah?"

~Then you say--go slow--

I fall behind--~

"...Is it crazy if I say I really want to kiss you?" Emily quietly gasped, hesitated then answered by slowly enveloping Nancy's lips with her own, cradling the side of her neck. A low breath rushed through Nancy's nose as she closed her eyes.

~If you fall I will catch you--I'll be waiting

Time after time~

A hand rested on Emily's thigh as she tried to justify a logical reason why this was happening. Had it always been this easy? It felt like the easiest thing in the world. Their lips moved messily but it felt right. Before either of them knew it, they were lying down, grasping to each other, animal instincts taking over.

Nancy's hand travelled inside Emily's leg, alerting her brain.

"Nance," She disconnected their lips, Nancy moving to her neck. Through a sigh, she reiterated, "Nance." More forceful. She used her hands to lightly push her away, looking into her glazed eyes.

"Let's just, slow down, please." Emily smiled and Nancy hastily sat up and tucked her hair behind her ear.

"Yeah, of course, I just got carried away."

"So did I."

Nancy turned her body, taking Emily's hand in hers.

"I know we haven't known each other long, but I really like you Em," Nancy looked down at her fiddling fingers. "I hope that's okay."

"It's more than okay." Emily replied enthusiastically, shuffling closer, hoping to encourage Nancy.

"Yeah?" Nancy moved her eyes up a smile tugging on her mouth. Both of them were so scared, but in their isolated state, excitement overshadowed that fear.

~If you're lost you can look--and you will find me

Time after time

If you fall I will catch you--I'll be waiting

Time after time~